

DAUNTLESS SAFE IN PORT.
ARRIVING AT QUEENSTOWN OVER A DAY
BEHIND THE CORONET.

NONE TO DRINK, AND SAILORS FEASTED
ON CHAMPAGNE—MORE WIND THAN
MR. COLT BARGAINED FOR.
QUEENSTOWN, March 28.—It was thought for a

Caldwell Hen. Colt's hot sporting blood beat as eagerly in New-York had proved too much for the veteran Dauntless. But the gallant old schooner had beaten through the rough seas and heavy gales of the North Atlantic as safely if not as swiftly as her younger and her fresher rival. She was eight years old, and had sailed over six miles west of Coney Harbor, at 11 a. m., and at once ran up signals that everything on board was safe and sound.

The news was quickly flashed to Queenstown, and preparations were made to give the losing yacht as warm an Irish reception as her more fortunate opponent. The Dauntless passed the Old Head of Kinalme at 3:15 p. m., in a light northerly breeze, with her sails full set. The tag Flying Fishman with a lot of steam yachts and sailing crafts started out to meet her, while the members of the Royal Cork Yacht Club cleared the course at the finish and stood ready to take the yacht's time. At 4:20 p. m. the Dauntless, accompanied by a fleet of canvas and helms, came slightly under the freshening wind, came in sight off Roche's Point. She had taken an Irish pilot aboard, but the run up was slow and tortuous, through a fleet of tug, yachts and small craft to whose salutes and cheering she could only lower and raise her colors in reply.

The wind held poorly for the yacht as she came nearer to the finish and she did not cross the line, firing her three guns and showing her useless sail.

was 6:45 p. m. Irish time. The Dauntless's actual time of passage from Owl's Head was 16 days, 1 hour, 43 minutes at 13 seconds. The Coronet had beaten her 1 day, 6 hours, 40 minutes and 13 seconds. The Dauntless's average run each day was about 200 statute miles. Her best day's run was on March 25, when she made 328 miles, a record not known to have been beaten by any yacht on the Atlantic.

The officers of the Coronet and other yachtsmen here agree that in view of the difference of tonnage between the two yachts the Dauntless's passage in such unusually stormy weather was as brilliant and creditable almost as the Coronet's. Mr. Colt, the owner of the Dauntless, said to-day that he had met more gales than he had bargained for, and that he fully sixteen hours at one time his boat had to lay to. Another time she scudded before the storm under nothing but bare poles. He was satisfied with the sea-going qualities of the Dauntless and with her speed.

From Roche's Point the Dauntless was towed up into Queenstown Harbor, where she cast anchor. The officers of both yachts and their friends went ashore to-night and were entertained by the Royal Cork Yacht Club.

The Dauntless, as she now lies in the harbor, shows scarcely a mark of her hard fight for two weeks with gales and swollen seas. The rigging is all there apparently, and on deck everything is as neat and trim as when the yacht left her East River anchorage. All who made the voyage in her are

three narrow escapes are reported. In one of the severest gales, for instance, the two men at the wheel were washed clear over the ship's edge and only the lashings kept them from drowning. The breaking of the bayonet, reported here more than once, is said to have been pure fiction. The sails, of course, were split several times and parts of the rigging were carried away now and then. But the fair weather of the last few days gave a good chance for repairs, and all was ship-shape again before Fast-net light was reached.

When last seen from the deck of the Coronet the Dauntless was steering south-southeast, her hull already sinking below the horizon. That night, however, her course was changed to northeast by east, and she met the sea on a choppy swell, but not more than a few miles back in the track of the Coronet. Her course took her on seemed to reach further north, almost into the Newfoundland Banks, and she ran into the same gales and heavy seas that the Coronet had met before her on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Her lighter burden made her pitch and toss about unmercifully, but she rode the seas with her old-time lightness.

On Wednesday, March 16, the Dauntless struck a heavy cross sea in a strong southeasterly gale. The bows had to be used to break the effect of the sea, and the ship was thrown about as if she were a

closely as possible and everything on deck mast and fast. Life lines had been strung along the sides. But up to this point it had not been necessary to use them continually.

St. Patrick's Day, as with the Coronet, brought the worst storm of the series. The seas were more turbulent than many of the oldest seamen had ever seen them, and the waters broke in a pitiless monotony over the decks and against the port-holes. Everything was battened down tight, and under this the ship rode the punishing sea, stanch after stanch heretofore in the roughest sea, showed a slight leakage. The storm had evidently carried the yacht further north than Captain Samuels intended to sail it. On the 18th the temperature of both the air and water fell noticeably. Ice was felt to be near by, probably an iceberg, and extra precautions were taken with the lookouts and navigation. At midnight the temperature of the water that was 44° of the water 35°. An hour later that of the air was 40°; the water showed only 28°.

A heavy gale blew again on the 19th, but the

ing a smooth stretch of water was run into. It was found so cold that icebergs were feared again, and that night a quantity of field ice was run into. On the 20th, 21st and 22d there were strong gales

pitching and tossing. On the 22d she was obliged to lay to for sixteen hours, as has been stated. After getting rid of all sail she floated more easily, but at the best it was nothing but tumbling about below and clinging to the life-lines on deck.

In the storm of March 23 the cockpit was on several occasions filled with water, and altogether it was a purgation time for the yacht. On the 24th the sea was terribly rough and the boat rolled so badly that the water tank burst. The seamen were consequently put on the smallest possible allowance of water, but later on they were put on ale and claret, and finally, as supplies narrowed, on champagne.

On the 25th the run of 328 miles was made, in the fair sunny weather which met the Coronet off the Irish coast. Fastnet Light was sighted at 11:30

so far seemed to exhaust itself, and the run in took more than seven hours.

GREAT INTEREST IN THE RESULT.

MANY CONGRATULATIONS FOR MR. BUSH.

SOME ANXIETY ABOUT THE DAUNTLESS BEFORE THE NEWS OF HER ARRIVAL CAME.

first reports of squalls and hurricanes and raging seas encountered by both yachts the whole way from New-York to Queenstown, served only to make the Coronet's victory more signal and decisive. There probably never has been, all things considered, a more brilliant run across

stakes race in 1866 of thirteen days, twenty-one hours and fifty-five minutes was made in fair yachting weather. The Coronet took less than a day longer to fight her way across against some of the most tremendous seas and gales that old seamen have met on the North Atlantic. Every yachtsman about town yesterday was growing more astonished every hour at the unexpected run of the Coronet. And what the news came that the Dauntless had arrived safe and sound, but one day later—an honorable loss—with a